



02193
THE DEADLY
HANDS OF
KUNG FU
NOV. No 6
75¢



NO MAN CAN STAND AGAINST...

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

ALL NEW
AND MONTHLY, TOO

**SIX FISTS OF FURY!
SONS OF THE
TIGER**



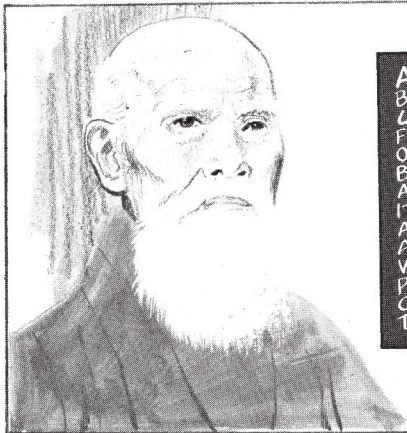
**EXTRA
SECRETS OF KARATE
AND
BRUCE LEE
TRIPLE-FEATURE**



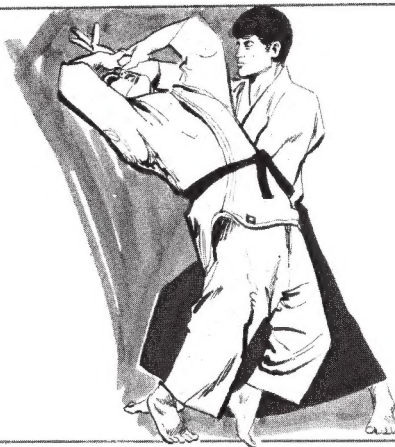
AIKIDO: ^SSTRENGTH WITHOUT STRENGTH

THE PATHWAY TO PEACE AND JUSTICE

UNLIKE THE OTHER MARTIAL ARTS, AIKIDO IS NOT PRACTICED AS A SPORT. IT'S BASIC CONCEPTS WOULD NOT ALLOW RESTRICTIVE RULES OR PRE-ARRANGED CONDITIONS AND, BY NATURE, IT IS A FREE AND UNFETTERED ART. FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, AIKIDO WAS PRACTICED IN SECRET BY A CHOSEN FEW, NOT ONLY AS AN ART BUT ALSO AS A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.

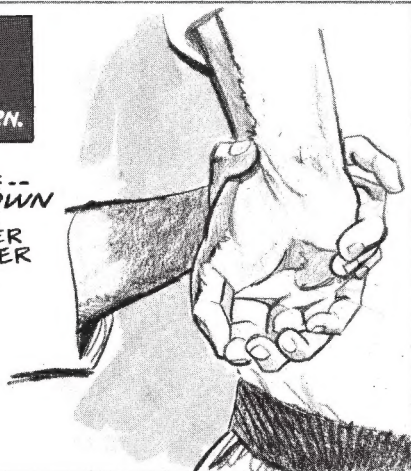


AIKIDO, AS REFINED BY MR. MORIHEI UESHIBA, MAKES FULL USE OF YOUR OPPONENT'S STRENGTH BY DEFLECTING IT AWAY AND RETURNING IT AGAINST HIM. THE AMOUNT OF THROWS AND HOLDS, ALL OF WHICH REQUIRE PERFECT BODY CONTROL, NUMBER IN THE THOUSANDS.



THE ATTACKER IS USUALLY DEFEATED BY A SKILLFUL MANIPULATION OF HIS WRIST, LEADING HIM INTO A POINT OF NO RETURN.

THE USE OF OSAE-- OR HOLDING DOWN -- CAN ALSO BE APPLIED AFTER THE ATTACKER HAS BEEN THROWN.



STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU

ROY THOMAS
Editor-in-Chief

TONY ISABELLA
Editor

MARV WOLFMAN
Consulting Editor

JOHN ROMITA
Art Director

MARCIA GLOSTER & BARBARA ALTMAN
Design

LEN GROW
Production

NORA MACLIN
Design Assistants

JOHN RYAN
Director of Circulation

Cover: EARL NOREM

Editorial Staff: CHRIS CLAREMONT, SCOTT EDELMAN, DAVID KRAFT, DON
MCGREGOR, IRENE VARTANOFF, LEN WEIN, MICHELE WOLFMAN

Writers This Issue: JIM DENNIS, FRANK McLAUGHLIN, DOUG MOENCH,
JOHN WARNER

Artists This Issue: FRANK McLAUGHLIN, BOB McLEOD, GEORGE PEREZ,
FRANK SPRINGER, MIKE VOSBERG, RON WILSON

CONTENTS

THE WAY OF THE TIGER	4
Our minuscule magazine sensei (a.k.a. editor) speaks.	
SONS OF THE TIGER: THE WAY OF THE JACKAL	5
The deadliest Martial Arts tournament of all time. Lin Sun stands alone... or his fellow Tiger Sons die.	
ENTER THE LETTERS	20
Comments, criticisms, and Martial Arts missives—on issue #4.	
A BRUCE LEE TRIPLE FEATURE	24
The Dragon has returned in a two-fisted triple bill currently making the rounds at your local chop-socky theater.	
THE KARATE FOOT ATTACK	32
Marvel's resident judomaster, Frank McLaughlin, gives you the how-to on the <i>Mae Geri</i> (front kick).	
HOW TO CREATE A DRAGON	38
The inside scoop on the creation of a new paperback star, the Kung Fu master men call Richard Dragon.	
MASTER OF KUNG FU: THE LESSON OF THE LOCUST	42
The Son of Fu Manchu is heading eastward, but there are obstacles. Shang-Chi must overcome them. One hint: these obstacles kill.	

THE WAY OF THE TIGER

More Martial Arts meanderings by Tony Isabella

Remember that lengthy gi-string of questions I asked you in *THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #4*? Well, though it's still a tad too early to make any decisions based on your answers (we want to give everybody a chance to respond), a couple of trends have developed. So here's a kind of progress report. Your feelings were:

Yes; yes; maybe; depends; undecided; why not; out of the night when the full moon is bright; and Warren G. Harding.

Unfortunately, we don't have room to reprint any of the actual questions we asked, so you'll have to check out your doubtless much-read copy of issue #4 for those. What's that? You missed it? Gee, that's too bad. But you know, we have this back issues ad over on page 36, and, if you're lucky, there's probably a copy left. If you're not lucky, don't fret. We'll reprint the questions next issue when we announce the final results.

In the nonce, I've got a couple more questions, this time on the Shang-Chi series. Ready?

Do you think Fu Manchu should appear more or less than he has been appearing in this magazine series? Would you like to see new villains? Would you like to see costumed super-villains? What do you think of presenting more stories of Shang-Chi's younger years, as we did in issue #1? Do you like the idea of Shang-Chi traveling all over the U.S. of A.? Is there any truth to the rumor that Doug Moench and Angela Mao have never been seen together in the places they usually frequent? Answer me that, fella.

Results, as always, will be reported right here.

A few more bits of business and news notes before I let

you get to the rest of this magazine masterpiece.

Firstly, I want to welcome the new "Sons of the Tiger" creative combination: Jim Dennis, George Perez, and Frank Springer—a trio of heroes if ever there were. We praised Jim Dennis last ish (and he hasn't paid us yet). George Perez is a bright new talent that came to Marvel (as so many new talents are wont to do; I wonder if the guys we hired to wait in alleys with blackjacks, clubs, and sacks have anything to do with it) this spring and has already been assigned, in addition to our own Tiger Sons, the color comics *MAN-WOLF* series. As for Frank Springer, anybody who's seen a copy of the National Lampoon, Evergreen Review, or any of a dozen other publications, knows Frank. He's great and we're pleased to have him on the team.

Second, be sure to check out the Bruce Lee feature elsewhere in this magazine. It's a kind of prologue to next issue's report on Lee's posthumously-released *RETURN OF THE DRAGON*, which you're not going to want to miss.

Finally, keep your eyes pegged to the newsstands for the premiere issue of *IRON FIST*. 68 big pages of Martial Arts battling. Frank McLaughlin, Doug Moench, yours truly, and a host of others combine forces to bring you a 34-page spectacular starring the man they call the Living Weapon. Plus: photos, features, and out-and-out mayhem. It's 75¢ wherever magazines are displayed.

End of announcements. Enjoy the rest of the magazine. I'll see you here next month.

—T.I.

Mighty Marvel's on the Move Again (Kinda)

ITEM! With summer vacations (and our increased production schedules) winding down, the Marvel Bullpeners finally have a chance to settle down and start enjoying the variety of new digs they've moved into over the past few months. No, we haven't moved our offices again. But several of our staffers and free lancers have recently pulled up stakes and marked out new claims. The on-the-go heroes include: DON, SANDY, and LAUREN MCGREGOR (who have moved to Queens within shouting distance of MARV and MICHELE WOLFMAN); DAVE (the Dude) KRAFT (who's moved into the same general area); Regal RUSS JONES (from Boston with love); DAVE, ANDREA, and IVAN COCKRUM; STEVE (Baby) GERBER; Alluring ANNETTE KAWECKI; and BILL (Mickey) MANTLO. Still looking for places to hang their weary bodies are Stultifying STU SCHWARTZBERG and Impish IRENE VARTANOFF. The tiplated trophy for the **longest** move goes to RICH, CAROL, and RICKO BUCKLER, who are now residing in Detroit. GERRY and CARLA CONWAY pick up the prize for **shortest** move, all of ten blocks from their previous dwelling. When we say Marvel's on the move again, we ain't just funnin' you, group.

ITEM! Lest we forget, Rascally ROY THOMAS, Sunny JIM HARMON, Madcap MIKE FRIEDRICH, and Diabolical DON GLUT all want to thank Shel Dorf and his convention committee for the really fantastic experience they provided. We're talking about the 1974 San Diego Comic Art Convention, held in early August. If you'd like to know more about the con, check out the latest issue of *FOOM*

MAGAZINE, Marvel Comics' own fan club publication. (Just send \$2.50 to *FOOM*, Marvel Comics, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Besides all kinds of nifty membership goodies, you get a 4-issue subscription to *FOOM* MAGAZINE. Sure we know this is an unabashed plug, but we figured you'd want to get in on *FOOM* now!)

ITEM! What happens when a publisher is doing a magazine entitled *PLANET OF THE APES* and Twentieth Century-Fox is preparing a television series of the same name? Well, if you're quick-thinking, resourceful, and good to stray gorillas, you send somebody over to California where the show is being filmed. So look for an exclusive series of articles by Cheerful CHRIS CLAREMONT on this TV thriller. Chris is (even as we write) interviewing the stars and crew of this new series, getting scads of inside info, and, maybe if he, we, and you get lucky, appearing in one of the shows as an ape extra. You see, before we stole him away from the footlights, Chris was an actor, appearing in Shakespearean dramas, soap operas, and summer stock. The stage's loss is our gain. We just hope our cherubic Assistant Editor doesn't get blinded by the tinsel and glamor of Hollywood. We need him too much in the office.

ITEM! No more news notes for now, effendi, but here's a list of the Marvel magazines on sale this month:

VAMPIRE TALES #8: This is the one you've been waiting for. The final battle between Morbius, the Living Vampire,

and the unholy menace of Demonfire. Bonus: Blade, the Vampire Slayer!

MONSTERS UNLEASHED #9: The Frankenstein Monster walks again! The Man-Thing slithers again! And wait! You see the coming of the Canadian blood-creature called the Wendigo!

THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #3: Two comics thrillers starring the far-famed barbarian of Robert E. Howard! Blackmark—in the gladiatorial arena!

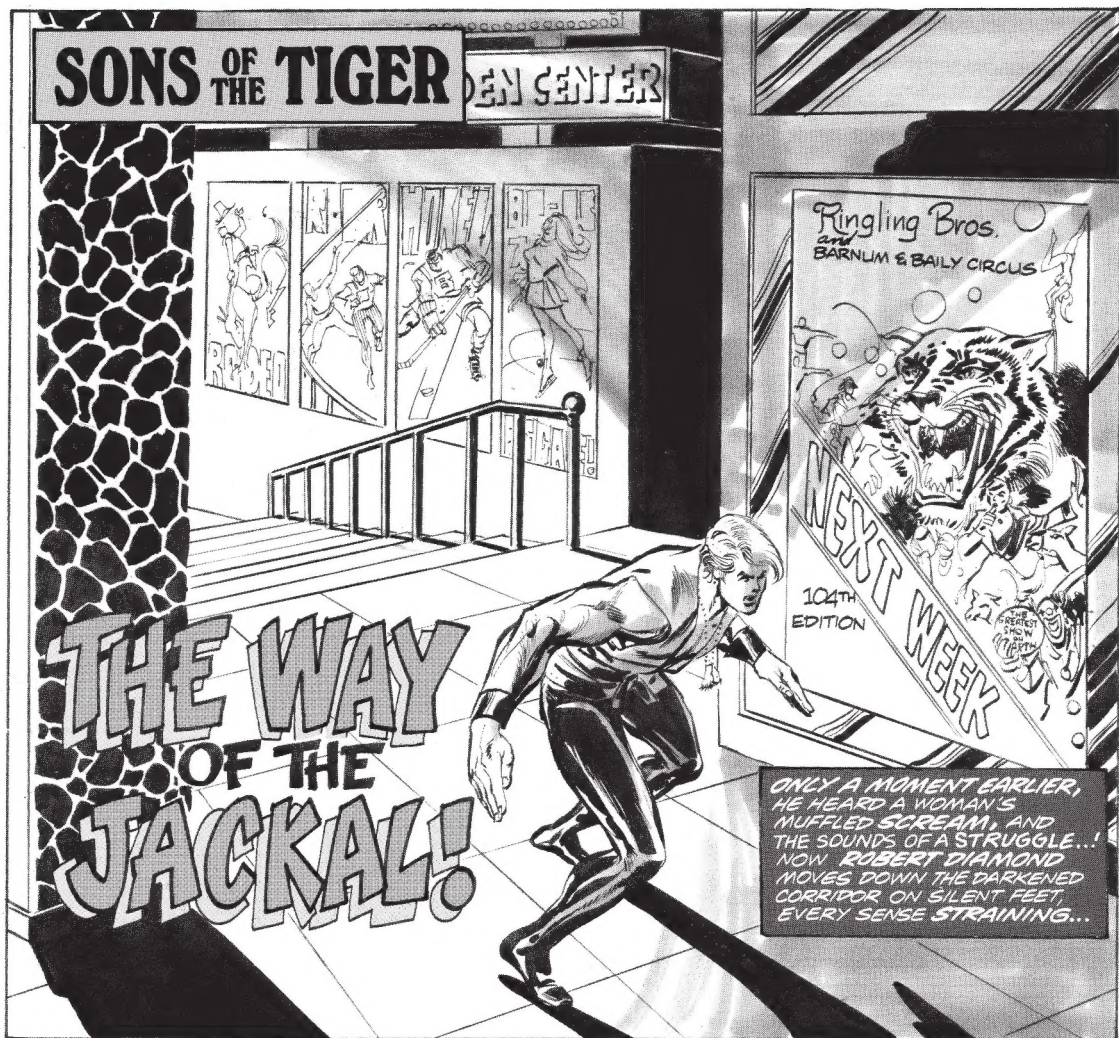
MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES #4: It's our special **were-wolves** edition—featuring the hairiest, most horrifying cinema stars ever. Plus: an interview with the late, great Lon Chaney!

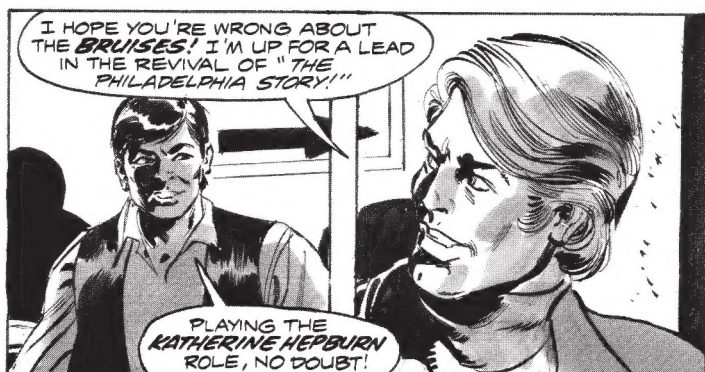
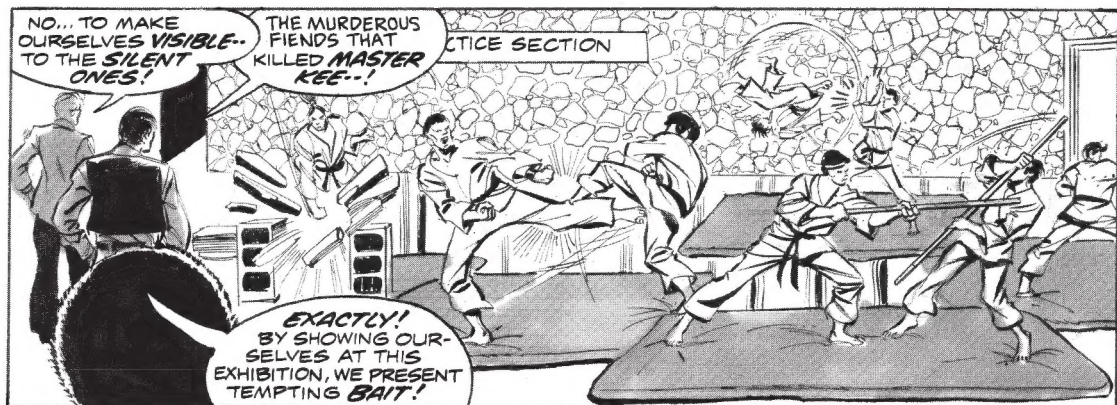
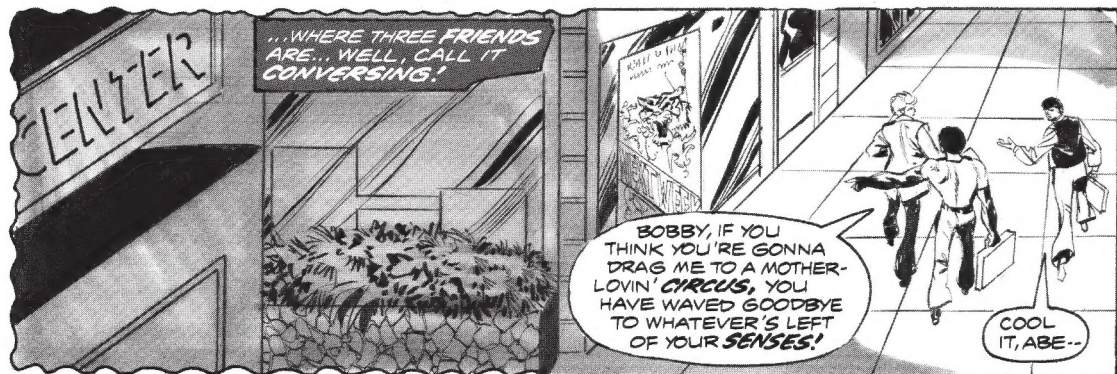
PLANET OF THE APES #3: In the dreaded Forbidden Zone, Jason and Alexander meet...the spawn of the mutant-pit! Plus: our continuing adaptation of the original "Apes" movie and an interview with Roddy McDowall!

CRAZY #8: Crazy comes out for law-and-order and almost destroys it in the process. See the real "Police Story." See the fighting policewoman called Serpikette. See the Nebbish get arrested. See Spot run. See Spot retch on the magazine that dares to be dumb!

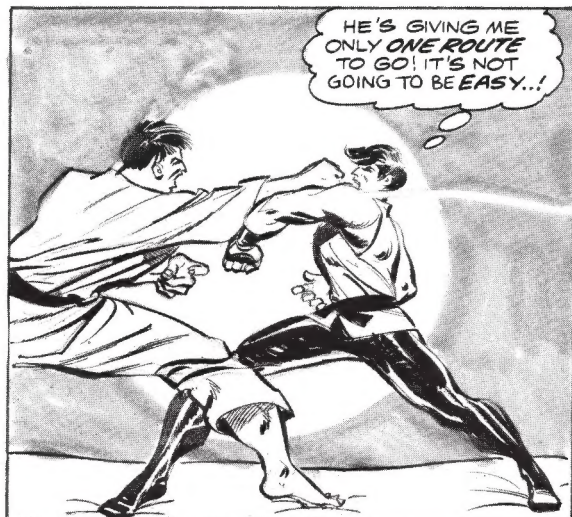
IRON FIST #1: The premiere issue of a newest Martial Arts masterpiece—featuring the awesome origin of Iron Fist and his epic battle with the Steel Serpent, master of the delayed death blow! And that's only the beginning!

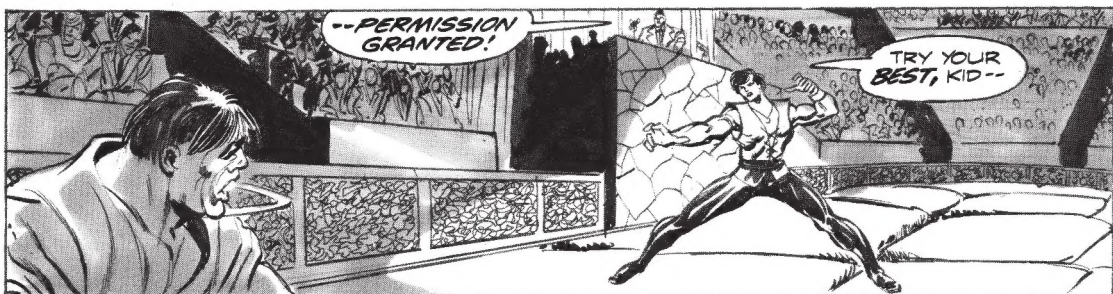
Peace, faithful one. We'll be back next month.

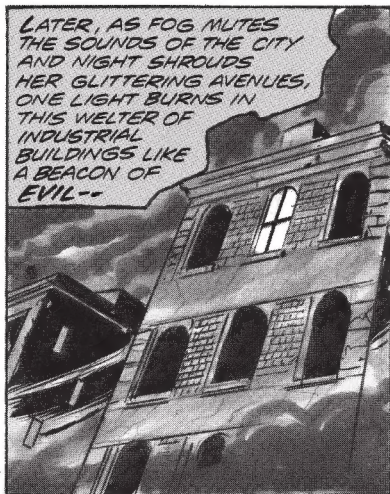












LATER, AS FOG MUTES THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY AND NIGHT SHROUDS HER GLITTERING AVENUES, ONE LIGHT BURNS IN THIS WELTER OF INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS LIKE A BEACON OF EVIL--



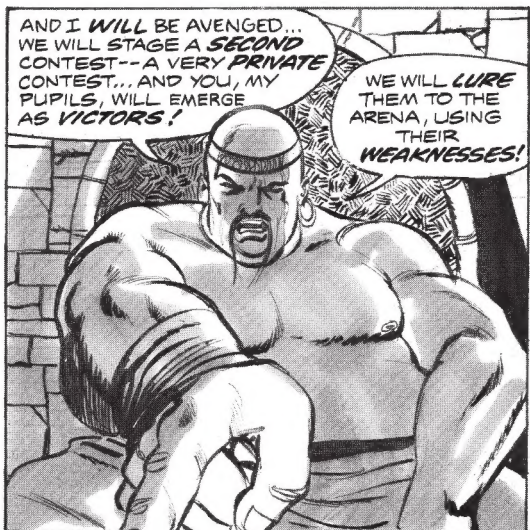
-- AND WITHIN...

WITLINGS! FOOLS! STUMBLING, WOODEN-TOED CHILDREN! YOU WERE DEFEATED! YOU WERE HUMILIATED!



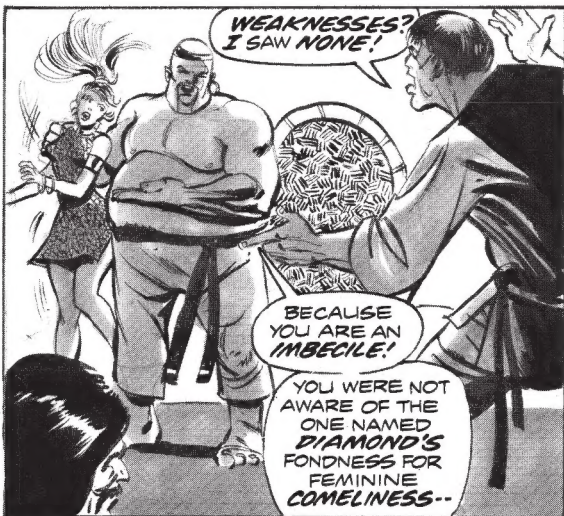
AND I-- PAAN-- KNOWN AS HE WHO CREATES MARTIAL ARTS DRAGONS... I WAS FORCED TO CRINGE IN SHAME!

FOR MY STUDENTS WERE DEFEATED-- SICKENINGLY-- BY THOSE FUMBLERS OF KEE!



AND I WILL BE AVENGED... WE WILL STAGE A SECOND CONTEST-- A VERY PRIVATE CONTEST... AND YOU, MY PUPILS, WILL EMERGE AS VICTORS!

WE WILL LURE THEM TO THE ARENA, USING THEIR WEAKNESSES!



WEAKNESSES? I SAW NONE!

BECAUSE YOU ARE AN IMBECILE!

YOU WERE NOT AWARE OF THE ONE NAMED DIAMOND'S FONDNESS FOR FEMININE COMELINESS--

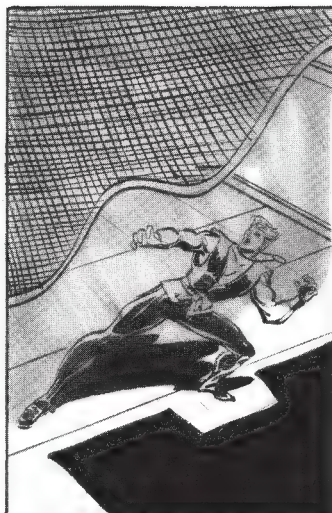


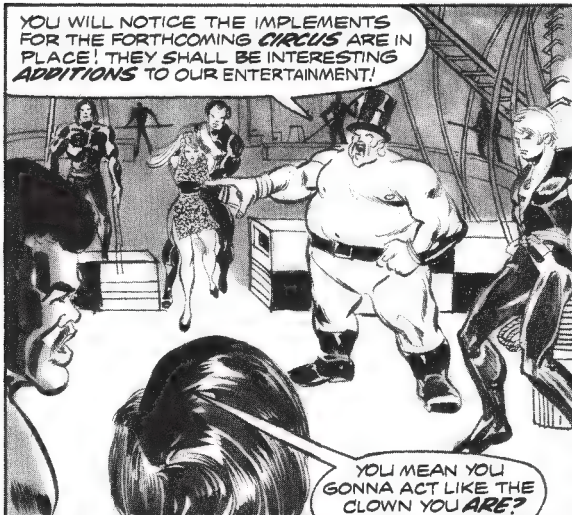
-- COMELINESS SUCH AS IS POSSESSED BY THIS CREATURE!

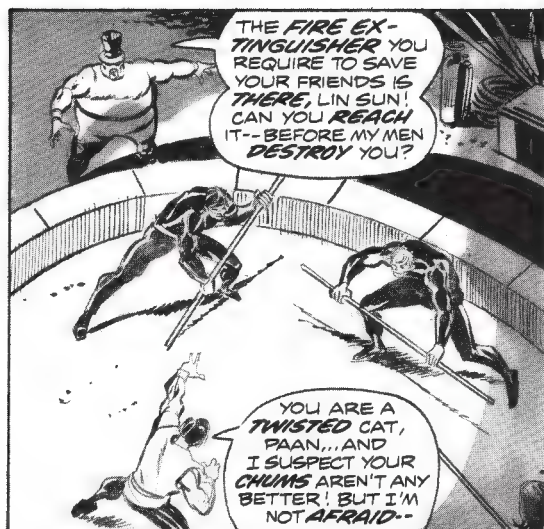
YOU WILL DO AS I ASK, WON'T YOU, MY DEAR? YOU DO REMEMBER THE PAIN I CAN CAUSE?

THEN CALL DIAMOND-- HE EVEN NOW TRAINS AT THE HOME OF A LOCAL FRIEND.















EVEN AS THE GLEAMING
STEEL CLEAVES THE AIR, AN
INSTINCT, BORN OF MASTER
KEE'S TEACHING, FLASHES
A WARNING TO LIN'S BRAIN!
INSTEAD OF THE POINT
PENETRATING HIS SPINE...



IT BITES DEEPLY INTO
HIS SHOULDER!



YOU'RE WOUNDED...WEAKENED!
WE WILL SLAY YOU SLOWLY--
AT OUR LEISURE!



NO
WAY,
PAAN--!

SEE THESE AMULETS
WE WEAR? THEY'RE
NOT JEWELRY--

--THEY'RE
SYMBOLS...
OF WHAT WE
ARE--



--THE
SONS
OF THE
TIGER!

AN EERIE CHANT,
THE CHANT OF THE
TIGER...

"WHEN THREE ARE
CALLED AND STAND
AS ONE..."



"...AS ONE THEY'LL
FIGHT, THEIR
WILL BE DONE..."

"...FOR EACH IS
BORN ANEW... THE
TIGER'S SON!"





At the time of this writing, the entire world seems to be in a state of constant movement. Our presidents are changing, our vice presidents are changing, and even the value of our dollar is changing. In fact, even the frequency this magazine appears on the stands has changed— it's now monthly.

The only thing that never seems to change is the loyalty of the readership. You may disagree with us from time to time, you may dislike some of our features, you may even dislike *most* of what we do... but still, you hang in there, sending your comments and suggestions, doing your part to help make this the finest Martial Arts magazine published!

It's refreshing to know that there are still things which excite people enough to cause them to touch pen to paper and venture a thin (and growing thinner every day) dime.

So, in order to see what we were all doing in those pre-resignations days, read on...

Dear Mr. Warner,

In your article on Angela Mao in the August issue of **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU**, you said that **Hapkido** is a special system of **Kung Fu**. This is ridiculous. **Hapkido** is a unique, highly effective Martial Art whose roots can be found in the arts of the ancient Korean warriors known as the "**Hwarang**," which means "**flower of manhood**." The **Hwarang**, though pacifistic, were known for the ferocity of their arts. Among these, one in particular called **Tae Kwon Do** (noted for its spectacular kicking techniques) became the proverbial father of modern **Hapkido**. Though it was influenced to a large extent by the Japanese **Dai Do Ryu** system, it remained, and always has remained, distinctly Korean. I believe you owe the readers of your magazine an apology for insulting their intelligence, and you owe an apology to all **Hapkido** practitioners for insulting their art (that includes Angela Mao). In the future, Mr. Warner, you would do well to check your "sources" more carefully.

Tom Harrison
Archbald, Pa.

It's at times like this when we can do nothing more than admit our mistake and promise that it will never happen again in the future. Actually, Tom, we seriously doubt that we'll be committing any more mistakes of the type you have mentioned, due to the acquisition of Jim Dennis, the author of the first in a projected series of Martial Arts novels. But best of all, he's been studying karate himself for years. (And remember, we'll also be relying on the advice of our new Iron Fist artists, Arvell Jones—student of Tae Kwon Do—and Frank McLaughlin—a highly respected judo instructor.)

Dear Sirs,

Your **DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU** is an absolute masterpiece, but forgive me if I bring up a few gripes.

In issue #3, in the Sons of the Tiger story, "**The Trail of the Ninja**", notice panels five and six on page two. Surely you must be joking! No matter how skilled a **Karateka**, he wouldn't have pulled off that caper without at least a cut or a scratch! Notice the shinbone where Lin's leg went through the windshield. Jagged glass, right? Notice the next panel. The car's front tires are turning right, while Lin is swinging left. At such a high speed, there is no way the glass and the leg could not meet, even if such a stunt were possible.

Then, on page seven, panel two, you have him catching a **shuriken**. Not so, wise ones! First, a **shuriken** is supposed to have eight points, not six as you have drawn it. They are supposed to be razor sharp, yet you have it look like someone is catching a mere quarter that was tossed to him. Come on, fellas! Eye to hand coordination can't be that fantastic!

Gary Martin
1871 West Burgess Lane
Phoenix, Arizona
85041

First off, Gary, our Kung Fu weaponry experts inform us that **shuriken** may have six points. While the eight pointed type is both more popular and more effective, it would not be impossible for one to be used in combat.

And while dwelling in the realm of the impossible, we'd best answer the rest of your letter with a quote from a famous science-fiction author: "If a

grey-haired elderly scientist says that something is improbable, he is almost certainly right. But when he says that anything is impossible, he is most certainly wrong." Just chalk it up to one of the improbabilities of life, Gary, and leave it at that.

Dear Tony,

Neal Adams deserves a special bonus for the cover that he did for this issue. Of the several that he has done for Marvel, this has got to be the most striking. And speaking of striking, aren't those famous comics personages being demolished by the Sons of the Tiger?

I was surprised, first of all, to learn that Frank McLaughlin was head instructor for the Westport, Conn. YMCA. And here all along I thought he was only one of the best inkers in the business. The second surprise was finding him helping Dick Giordano with the Sons of the Tiger—two inkers helping each other produce one of the best drawn comics around. Gerry Conway has done an excellent job scripting this strip. The **Sons of the Tiger** already strikes me as a better handled strip than the more established **Shang-Chi** strip.

Brian Earl Brown
(address unknown)

Actually, Brian, you'll have to ask Neal himself if the figures being fought by the Sons of the Tiger on the cover of **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #3** are comic book personalities. If you'd care to venture a guess as to who you feel they might be, feel free to tell us in a future letter column.

Frank and Dick thank you for your kind words. But now you know why we always make sure that Frank gets paid on time. We'd hate to see him get *mad*!

Dear Marvel,

Re: **DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #3**.

Tony Isabella's typically "clever" review made **BLACK BELT JONES** sound like a worthwhile film. Then, in **THE DRAGON HAS ENTERED**, part two, Don McGregor contradicts everything in a sentence or two.

1) I realize that **Tony Isabella** and **Don McGregor** are two different writers with two different opinions.

2) I find it hard to agree with sarcastic **Tony Isabella**.

3) I respect the opinions of interesting and (apparently) well informed **Don McGregor**.

CONCLUSION AND RESULT: Isabella's entire article was rendered worthless as a result of two sentences by **McGregor**.

Besides all that, I think it was poor editing to put the two opinions in the same magazine. Maybe I'm wrong, and don't know what I'm talking about, but that's how I feel.

Mark Shenkel
2380 Sandell Drive
Atlanta, Georgia
30338

And in this day and age, when so many people seem to be in a self-induced state of catatonic shock, that's all we want you to do—*feel*! Without your feelings, we'd never know what to put in this **furshlugginer** magazine!

But now that we've thanked you for your letter, we must disagree with you. Our magazines are assembled by *people*, not *machines*. And, as is true whenever more than two people congregate, there tend to be disagreements. So when we present more than one viewpoint in the pages of *any* of our magazines, think of it as our way of letting *you* make the final decision, rather than having us foist our views upon you.

READERS' FORUM

In each issue of **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU**, we use this space to present a letter which we feel deserves your special attention, as it brings forth an interesting or controversial idea. All readers are, of course, invited to submit their own opinions for presentation in the *Reader's Forum*.

Dear Sirs,

I have **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU** numbers one through three, and they are very exciting and very good!

But I must point out one error—since it is a Martial Arts book, why don't you put more karate ads in instead of other things?

Sincerely yours,

Patrick Ryan
18 Milton Street
Toronto, Ontario
Canada

Pat, your letter brings up a problem which has plagued the editors of this magazine since its inception. You see, we at **Marvel** have grown increasingly aware of the danger that arises when Martial Arts weapons are placed in the hands of those with little or no training, and who want to use their *nunchuku* or *shuriken* as status symbols among *others* with the same lack of knowledge. Many meaningless deaths have occurred as a direct result of the aforementioned, and various state governments are in the midst of having the possession of the two weapons mentioned above declared illegal. The editor of this magazine has made it a policy to refuse all ads which lend themselves to *macho* myths of weaponry. Even **Shang-Chi** has distain for those who must resort to these false extensions of their own limbs. And anyway, to quote that son of the infamous **Fu Manchu**, "Properly trained, the body is the perfect weapon."

Dear Gang,

Just a few comments about **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU—ALBUM EDITION**:

The three-part tie-in stories were well done. But I don't like **IRON FIST**. I think he's schlock.

The Sons of the Tiger are too... too something. Corny, perhaps? A poor imitation of the **ENTER THE DRAGON** team, I fear.

What I really want is to turn you on to another paperback series that is dynamite entertainment. It is called **THE DESTROYER** series and is written by Richard Sapir and Warren Murphy.

I suggest reading #1 to get the basics, then 3, 7, and 12 for highlights. It centers about an American named Remo Williams who becomes the pupil of Chiun, an old Korean master assassin from the House of Sinanju.

The stories are light and quick to read, have nice character development and great use of the Martial Arts and their unlimited possibilities, and, most of all, are written with the greatest touches of humor



I've had the pleasure to read.

Since you're plugging books, give them a try.

Ms. Chris Marx
347 S. Westmoreland Ave.
LA, California
90020

Thanks for the series recommendation, Chris. We're always glad to pass along information about any Martial Arts fiction.

People:

It's time for my comments on **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #4**. **Doug Moench** didn't disappoint me. "Circle of Serpent's Blood", my favorite this issue, was well paced, and fit into **Steve Englehart's** established style smoothly. I appreciate his not showing grass smokers as villains... although it would have been out of character for **Shang-Chi** to share their dope (or cigarettes for that matter). **Mike Vosburg** is new to me, but he's good. He reminds me a bit of **Joe Kubert**, especially his faces. Keep **Al Milgrom** as inker for continuity.

So "The Dragon Has Entered" does have an ending. It's good, Don, but now I don't need to see the film. I'll just read, "The Dragon Has Entered", to the soundtrack. It'll take two hours.

You may be wondering why, instead of a column listing the order in which you enjoyed the stories in **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #4**, there is this short editorial. To put it simply, it's a matter of time.

When we first went to our new monthly schedule, we didn't realize that it would play havoc with our poll, and that in order to allow the readership enough time (there's that word again) to assess the stories in issue number four and get their opinions to us, one issue's poll would have to be skipped.

So this is it. You've been saved.

In this space next issue will be the results and more comments on issue #4. If you haven't written to us already, it's too late to change what has already been set in type even as you read this, but it's not too late to get involved in all future polls.

Just mail your comments to:

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU
Marvel Comics Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

I'm sick of articles on David Carradine, TV's **Kung Fu** show, and Bruce Lee. Get rid of them!

Sons of the Tiger is down to second place for the first time this ish, only because **Don Perlin** can't do this kind of strip. The story was typically up to par.

All in all, the book continues to be good. If you'd only dump those previously mentioned repetitive articles, it would be great.

Peace.

Austin Seth Camacho
19 Caroline Street
Saratoga Springs, New York
12866

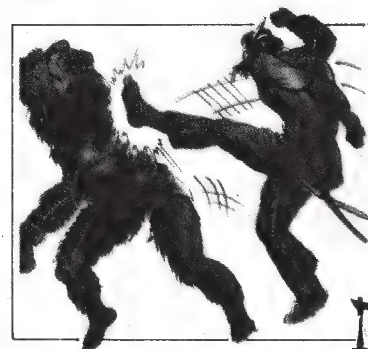
We're glad that you appreciated the way in which we presented marijuana smokers, Austin, because there's a story behind the **Shang-Chi** story as it finally saw print.

In the original version of the art, as pencilled by **Mike Vosburg**, there was a strip of four panels which showed exactly how to roll a joint. For reasons of policy, that strip was removed and the panels directly below it were enlarged by the inker.

We felt that it would be a misuse of the enormous power that the comic book has been vested with if we did not try to also live up to our responsibilities. While we, of course, realize that many of our readers have experimented with marijuana, there are always young children who have not yet encountered the drug, and to whom the removed information would have been a needless stimulus upon their curiosity. We hope that you agree with us on this point.

Shang-Chi, believing as he does in the purity of the body and spirit, would have reacted the same way to the offer of drugs, a cigarette, a cigar, or any kind of pollutant which in some way, no matter how small, could lead to the bruising of his soul.

You must remember that, in Eastern philosophies, perfumes and incenses are used only as religious sacraments, and thus the indiscriminate use of *any* supposed consciousness raiser would seem wrong to him.





A BRUCE LEE TRIPLE FEATURE

-or-

Good-bye, Saucer Men;
Hello the Hong Kong Flash,
Doo Wah!

Movie Reviews By John David Warner

The only disappointing thing about AMERICAN GRAFFITI was that they didn't get into the drive-in movie scene. This article has nothing whatsoever to do with the film, AMERICAN GRAFFITI, but I will dwell for a moment on drive-in movies. Drive-ins were built up on teenage werewolves and their acceptably chaotic goings-on in some girls' dormitory. The Earth stood still, caught fire, collided with rogue planets, and faced any number of other disastrous possibilities.



Here we see Bruce Lee doing his thing in that well-remembered Kung Fu epic, *THE CHINESE CONNECTION*, wherein he helps a Chinese Kung Fu school defend itself against a crew of villainous Japanese karate experts.

Drive-in movies no longer seem to be such an institution, but it seems they've found *new* fare to satisfy the starving triple bill crowd—the Kung Fu movies.

Which brings us to the subject of this article, a Kung Fu triple bill playing almost exclusively at drive-ins. The films: *THE CHINESE CONNECTION*, *ENTER THE DRAGON* and *FISTS OF FURY*.

I suppose the first thing that should be said about them, in order to avoid repetition, is that Bruce Lee is in all three. It goes without saying that any Bruce Lee film is worth catching. However, it also should be pointed out that this is going to be an article about the three films, not about Bruce Lee.

SHANGHAI-JINX

The quality of the fights and the quality of the film, *CHINESE CONNECTION* form a curious incongruity. The film, made as usual on a shoestring budget, deals in bigger-than-life, and sometimes unsympathetic, terms with a Chinese folk hero of recent history. Chen (played by Bruce Lee) is a Chinese in Shanghai where Chinese are oppressed and humiliated by the powerful Japanese Occupation Army. In particular, the Japanese are trying to close down one specific Kung Fu school. They start by poisoning the teacher. Chen, an individualist who is intolerant of oppressors and has a very homicidal temper, strikes back, killing the Japanese. Under Japanese pressure, the Shanghai police are forced to hunt Chen

down for murder.

But the Japanese are not satisfied—they try several times to kill off members of the other school. The second time they succeed in killing off all but five or six of the students. This goes on for some time, culminating in Chen getting caught and executed, although not before he has meted out his own rather violent form of vengeance to all the villains.

It's all pretty typical, and typically awful on production values, but the fight scenes (of which there are plenty) are worth the whole show. Especially interesting is Bruce Lee. Listen carefully to the soundtrack—Lee makes these great little sounds, high pitched guttural cries that make him sound like a small animal. That, and the expressions he uses as a sort of psychological ploy over his enemies. They taunt, they sneer, they defy . . . and they work.

The fights are skillfully choreographed for excitement and variety and almost all the actors in this film look pretty good with the stunts.

So how does this rate on a curve with the other Kung Fu films? Quite well. It rates a "better than average." While not quite up to, say, *FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH* as a film, *THE CHINESE CONNECTION* has better fight scenes and better personalities among the cast. It's exciting, even if it isn't as sustaining as it could have been.

This is released thru NATIONAL GENERAL PIC-



In another scene from THE CHINESE CONNECTION, Mr. Lee takes on an entire Japanese boxing club. And wipes 'em out in no time at all!

TURES. Give it two and a half stars.

BUT WHERE WAS THAT DRAGON?

About the only thing that wasn't in *ENTER THE DRAGON* was an actual fire-breathing dragon itself. Well, don't let it bother you too much because there's still plenty to keep you going in this Warner Bros. release.

First let me say that although this is the best Martial Arts film to date, we must not overlook its many flaws. Still, this is the only Kung Fu film I would review on a level with regular cinema (i.e., James Bond, etc.).

The first most noticeable thing about this film is its higher-than-usual budget (I don't have a source quote, but considering the Hong Kong locations, the hand-crafted sets and other factors, one can imagine that they ran up some bill). The second most noticeable thing, despite its being produced in association with Raymond Chow Associates, was the film's definite Western influences. Although director Robert Clouse indicates by

his form that he's spent many an afternoon in a Chinese movie house, the camerawork and pacing is strictly American cinema. And, while a lot more time is allotted to plot, by no means do you feel shortchanged on the action, with excellent choreography by Bruce Lee.

The plot is enjoyably Bondian, though somewhat simplified. You have your master villain (a Chinese Blofeld if ever I saw one, complete with white cat), named Han. Han occupies an impregnable island fortress, running international crime on a level that would amaze even certain people that make offers you can't refuse. You name it: drugs, white slavery, guns, what have you.

Once every three years, Han holds a Martial Arts tournament on that island of his as a front to recruit new "talent" to work for him in different international locations. Interpol goes to Bruce Lee. They want him to accept Han's invitation, invade the fortress and come out alive with the proof they need to put Han away. But Lee has a personal reason for accepting this mission.



If there's any film that Bruce Lee will be remembered for it is ENTER THE DRAGON, the Martial Arts masterpiece of the seventies. And if the jokers in the background look a little nervous at this exhibition of Lee's prowess, it's because they'll have to fight him next!

Sometime before, Lee's sister (played by Angela Mao) killed herself when she was hopelessly trapped by Oharra, Han's merciless bodyguard.

From there it's the sights and sounds of the tournament in between night scenes of Lee skulking around the fortress. Two others are caught up in the intrigues: Williams (Jim Kelly), who is killed when he refuses to cooperate with Han, and Roper (John Saxon), who also refuses to cooperate with Han but lives to tell about it. At one point, when Lee has been captured by Han, Roper is ordered to be his executioner. Roper refuses. Han sends in his men to finish the two off and the big final clash is underway. Countless prisoners (those who refused Han's offers in past years) swarm down upon Han's men. Lee goes after Han, which results in a battle inside a hall of mirrors. The director has a field day. What with figures rippling across tiny section mirrors, you never know if what you see is a reflection or the real thing. Han is finally killed and the British forces arrive to clean up loose ends.

ENTER THE DRAGON has an excellent cast. Bruce Lee we've already talked about. John Saxon proved a

surprisingly good fighter with a curious style that seems to incorporate the Queen's English with the Martial Arts (It should be noted that John Saxon was not faking it. He's been studying the Martial Arts for, if my source is correct, roughly fifteen years). Jim Kelly and Bob Wall (as Oharra) were equally pleasing. As for Angela Mao, I'm a particularly big fan of hers and I recommend any film that has her in it.

My biggest complaint was with Han. Although subtly played, I just feel he wasn't menacing enough. I never once doubted that Bruce Lee could take him and I could never quite come to regard him as a major threat. How much better it would have been if he had been portrayed as a mysterious and deadly Fu Manchu-type.

The hand crafted sets (put together by Chinese artisans) are beautiful and the packaging of this film carries such a gloss that you can ignore many of the flaws that do arise in the fabric. The stunts are mostly realistic. If you think I'm kidding, there's one Lee-Oharra fight in which Oharra uses jagged broken bottles. They are not "sugar glass"! Those are *real* bottles they are fighting with.

This is a fun movie. Go! Settle back with some hot popcorn and enjoy. I give this one a whopping four stars.

ICE PACKING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Finally we come to FISTS OF FURY. The film is brutal, shallow, features a hero who does very unheroic things and, if you're at all like me, will leave you quite disappointed.

The film deals with an ice packing plant that uses the ice to smuggle drugs and hide corpses. Bruce Lee slowly finds out what's going on and has to kill everybody.

Okay, that's a gross simplification of the plot, even for this film. But what does go on lacks logic or continuity. My reaction? By the time I was one-third into the film, I had lost all interest in it. There are a few interesting fight sequences and there is Bruce Lee. But it's silly, with a lot of busy banalities, and gets a measly one star.

And so the drive-in movie people have found a new source of low budget, escapist fare to thrust upon their audiences in triple bill helpings. Still, times haven't changed that much. With the countless steamed-up car windows, one can't help but wonder who's *really* watching.



And here's where it all began. FISTS OF FURY, the film in which Bruce Lee proved that he was fit for far, far better things than playing second-banana on American camp/mystery television shows.



KARATE FOOT ATTACK

by FRANK McLAUGHLIN
Head Instructor—Westport Conn. YMCA

It seems to be a natural thing to use the feet in defense or attack, even without training in the Martial Arts. The hula hoop of today is the karate kick. Children everywhere can be seen emulating their TV hero, Caine, in action.

When we use the foot to attack, we *kick* more often than not. Karate men have broken the kick down into three basic techniques: *snap kick*, *thrust kick*, and *strike*.

Balance and speed are the inseparable elements most necessary in the execution of any kicking techniques. The stationary leg bears the weight of the body, as the striking leg must strike and withdraw with the speed of an angry rattler. The hips are thrust forward to add power and help the body absorb the shock of the impact. The *foot* of the kicking leg should be raised higher than the knee of the supporting leg in order to perform an ideal snap kick. This means that the attacking leg should be bent sharply before the attack and should return to this position

before lowering it to the ground. This action is most efficient in allowing one to perform the next technique with maximum speed. If you fail to return the attacking foot quickly enough, however, your opponent can grab this leg. Foot techniques are slower, though much stronger, than hand techniques and it's much harder to maintain good balance while performing them. The upper half of your body should form a fairly straight line with your supporting leg (which should be bent slightly at the knee). Straightening this leg or lifting the heel of the supporting foot weakens balance and creates a certain amount of loss of control.

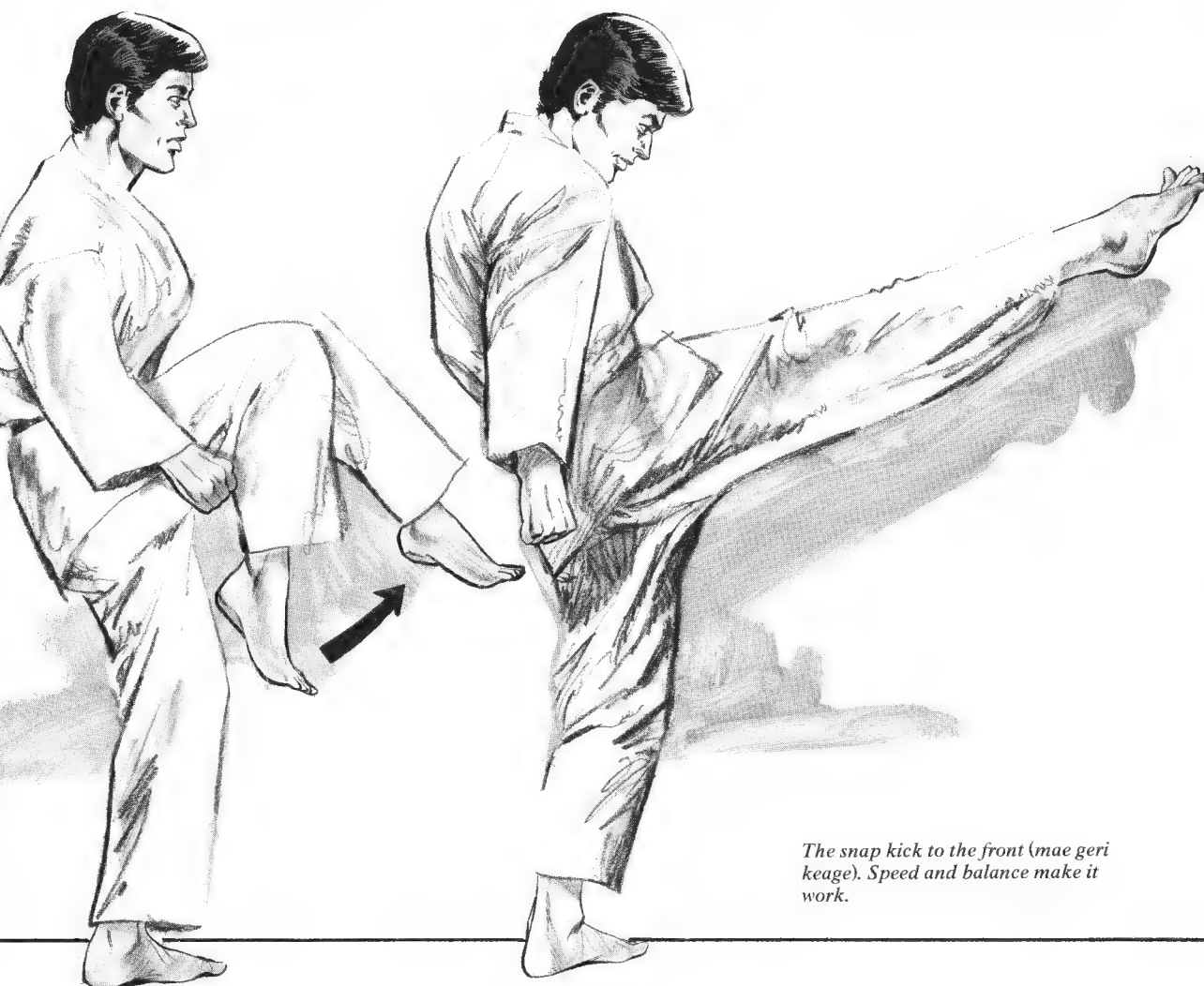
The snap kick to the front is used to attack the jaw, armpit, solar plexus, or groin of the opponent. Be sure to use the ball of the foot as the striking surface, keeping your eye on the target at all times. The dry-run kick helps develop the all-important speed demanded by the Martial Arts. It also develops the leg muscles. Each

Mai Geri (Front Kick)

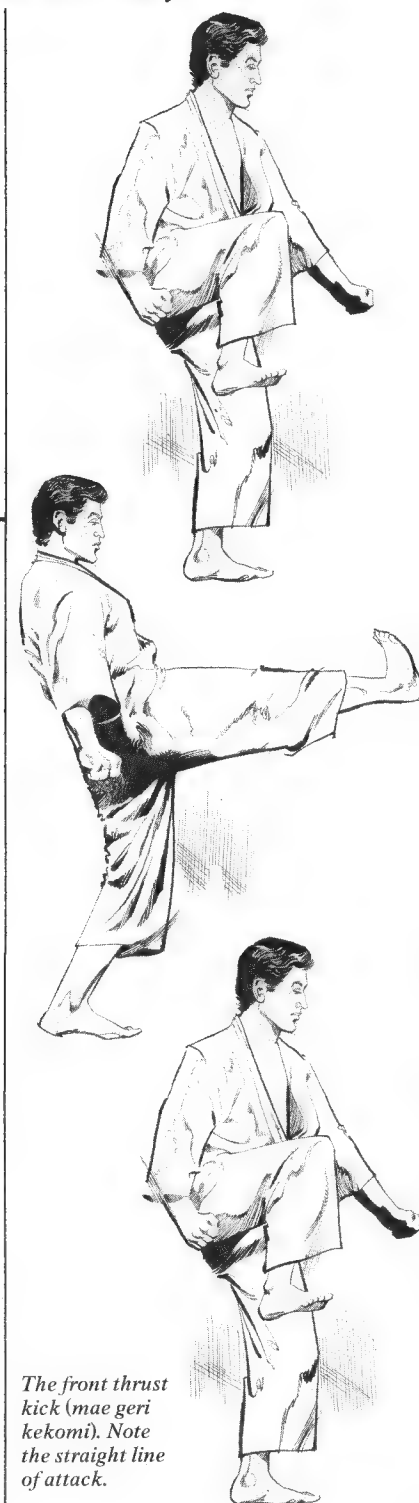
practice kick should be done with drive and spirit and with careful aim. The padded board or *makiwara* should be used as a target. Alternate the feet while doing repetitions of forty.

In performing the *front snap kick* (*mae geri keage*), keep the toes of the supporting leg pointed toward the target. As you lift the knee of the kicking leg up and close to the chest, bend the toes and ankle upward and hold them in that position with tension. The knee muscles of the leg should remain relaxed, however, and the knee is pointed directly at the target. Snap the attacking leg upward, striking the target with the ball of the foot. Return the leg quickly to the position where the knee is at the chest and then lower to the original stance. After much practice, you'll be able to string these movements together into one fluid, continuous movement.

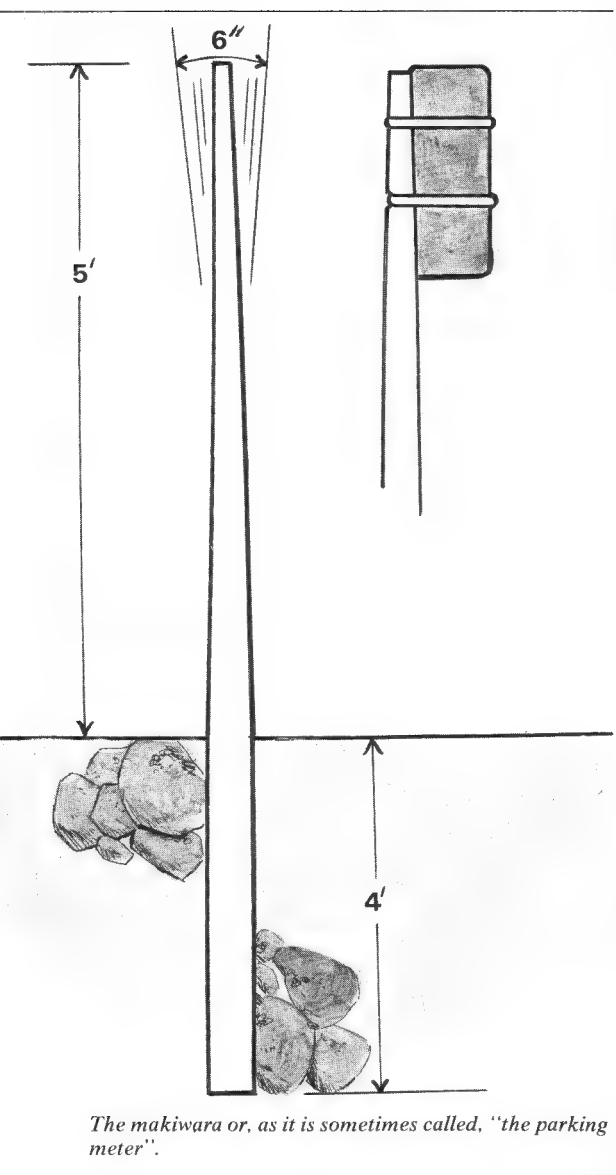
A variation of this technique may be performed while you are moving to the front. Quite often, the rear leg is



The snap kick to the front (*mae geri keage*). Speed and balance make it work.



The front thrust kick (*mae geri kekomi*). Note the straight line of attack.



used in attacking from the forward stance. Regardless of the technique being used, do not attempt to work them in combinations until each is mastered individually.

The *front thrust kick* (mae geri kekomi) is similar to the *front snap kick*, but rather than snapping the attacking foot upward, the foot is thrust outward in a straight line. As before, return the knee to the chest and then back to the starting position.

When attacking with the feet, you should always anticipate a counter. Few top tournament players attack a high target for this reason, and prefer to use kicking techniques in conjunction with hand techniques and, more often than not, only as a countering move.

There are many possible combinations and sequences of combinations utilizing the front kick. The most

common form of combination is blocking an attack and countering with your own attack. Combination attacks, because they must be performed in rapid sequence, present special problems not found in single techniques. Each technique must be focused separately and special attention must be paid to balance and the muscular control needed to tense and relax muscles.

Some common defensive combinations you can use with the front kick are:

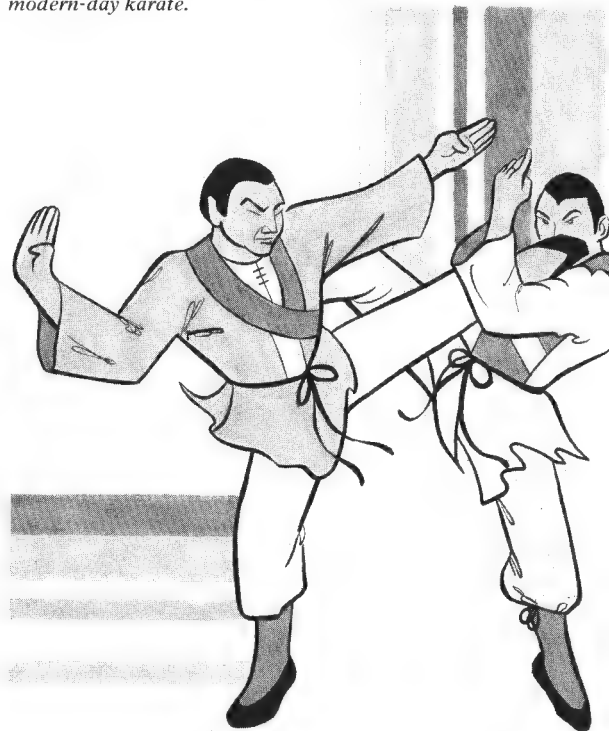
- 1) downward block to front kick (snap or thrust),
 - 2) rising block to thrust kick; and
 - 3) knife hand block to snap kick to spear hand thrust.
- Offensive combinations include:
- 1) lunge punch to snap kick,
 - 2) snap kick to lunge punch,
 - 3) reverse punch to front snap kick to roundhouse kick with other foot, and
 - 4) front thrust kick to side kick with other leg to reverse punch.

The use of the makiwara is a proven aid in developing these techniques to their fullest. It is merely a straight, tapered board with a padded area at the narrow top end. The thick end of the board is buried about four feet in the ground, while the above ground length is usually four or five feet. Straw or sponge covered with canvas make up the target area. The center of the target area should be at the top of the board at a height even with the solar plexus. Good karate men spend every free moment at the makiwara, sharpening their techniques to a finely-honed edge. The old axiom often found on karate school walls holds the same meaning today as it did many years ago. It reads:

1. Everyone works
2. Nothing is free
3. All start at the bottom.



Ancient Chinese drawings and statues depict Shaolin monks using foot techniques very similar to those of modern-day karate.



Name This Photo!



- Is it: A) an advertisement for Dr. Scholl's foot pads?
 B) Cole Porter singing "I Get a Kick Out of You"?
 C) a badly-performed rendition of "Swan Lake"?
 D) our newest subscription ad?

Actually, the answer is E) Angela Mao in MGM's DEADLY CHINA DOLL. But, if you were really hoping for it to be a subscription ad, here's what we'll do. See the coupon on this page? Isn't it cute? Okay, just fill out that cute little coupon and mail it to us with scads of money and we'll send you THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, IRON FIST, CRAZY, DRACULA LIVES, THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN, or any of the giant-sized magazine masterpieces listed therein. For the money, it's the best buy in entertainment.

Next issue: yet another clever subscription come-on.

MARVEL MAGAZINE GROUP, Subscription Dept.
 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Yes! I don't want to risk missing any more monsters (and any of your non-monster books as well). So here's my hard-earned bread (check or money order only) for:

TITLE	RATES		
	U.S.	CANADA	FOREIGN
SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN (six issues) ☐	\$ 6.50	\$ 7.50	\$ 9.50
PLANET OF THE APES (six issues) ☐	6.50	7.50	9.50
MONSTERS UNLEASHED (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
DRACULA LIVES (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
VAMPIRE TALES (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
HAUNT OF HORROR (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
SAVAGE TALES (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES (six issues) ☐	6.50	7.50	9.50
DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU (twelve issues) ☐	10.00	18.00	26.00
CRAZY (seven issues) ☐	3.50	4.00	5.00

Name Age

Address

City State Zip

How To Create A Dragon

By Jim Dennis



Art: RON WILSON

"The signal to begin," the Swiss shouted happily. Richard Dragon did not hear him, for Richard Dragon had all but ceased to exist. The individual he had been stood in a loose muduni-dachi, open hands at the hips, feet forward and flat. Inside him, the whole of his ki, his vital force, was gathered in a knot at the pit of his stomach. He permitted it to seep outward, to his every cell, and he was the ki, and the ki was a dragon.

The three unarmed kareteka moved.

It had begun.

Richard Dragon, son of Peter and Judy Dragon, was gone.

In four seconds, the three were fallen.

The dragon leapt straight up, left leg tucked under, right leg snapping forward to smash the face of his nearest assailant. Simultaneously, his right hand, rigid as an ax head, cleaved downward, breaking the skull of the second man. In mid-air, without yet having landed, he straightened his left leg and drove his heel into the third man's throat, crushing the larynx. Blood gushed from his mouth onto the floor.

And listen, the fight has barely begun.

Before he's finished with this particular fracas, Dragon will have to take out two guys with bo staffs, another pair armed with nunchuka sticks, and finally, face twin kusari-gamas which, for the non-violent among you, are sharp scythes attached by chains to spiked maces. Then he'll have to escape from a burning building, steal a fire truck, hop-scootch across an acre of stalled cars and, to climax his exertions, battle his enemy, the Swiss, a smooth-talking twisto-pervo with a penchant for such pranks as putting the tip of a man's intestine in a washing machine wringer and switching it on.

Can even Richard Dragon accomplish all this?

Well, I'm not going to blow the ending for you, but I'll give you a hint: Richard Dragon is the star pupil of the legendary O-Sensei and therefore has mastered Kung Fu, Karate, Jiu-Jitsu, Judo, Aikido, gymnastics, history, mathematics, physics, yoga and, probably, the harmonica.

Of course, Dragon doesn't exist. But neither do I. I'll explain.

"Jim Dennis," whose byline appears somewhere above, is actually two people. (The brainier of you will, if you really try—hard!—be able to guess the first names of the individuals involved.) We're both professional writers, and both of us were interested in the Martial Arts long before the choppy-socky Hong Kong imports started sending movie theater owners' kids to college. Between us, we have acquired bruises from Aikido, Judo, Karate and Jiu-Jitsu. My partner's wife has a belt in Karate and mine is studying Kung Fu. (Family spats can be really grim these days, friends.) Nobody I've mentioned is close to tournament caliber yet, but we do have a reasonable familiarity with at least the principles of several fighting arts; we've done more than see *Enter*

The Dragon and watch a self-defense demonstration on the Mike Douglas Show.

It was, I guess, natural that we'd write a Martial Arts novel.

We began with the central character. We agreed he should be an essentially peaceful man; we are a trifle tired of heroes who get their main jollies from shedding more blood than the chief slaughterer in the Chicago stockyards during hamburger season. We wanted a good guy faithful to the dictate of the founder of Aikido, Master Uyeshiba: "When you have to fight, you have already lost the battle..." However, versimilitude demanded he have considerable experience with violence—do you ever believe those fictional businessmen who become tigers in the crunch? Our solution was to make him an ex-juvenile delinquent—hell, an ex-vicious punk—whose life was changed by exposure to a wise *sensei* and the philosophy and practice of the Martial Arts. His profession followed from that: logically, he would be a Martial Arts teacher.

Next, we had to give him a home base. This is good, proven technique: Dragon is essentially a detective, and none of the great shamuses operate from a vacuum. Sherlock Holmes has his cozy hearth at 221 B Baker Street, Travis McGee his houseboat, Nero Wolfe his brownstone mansion, Philip Marlowe his cruddy office. Richard Dragon should be equally homesteaded. We pondered, and then we remembered a bizarre place we'd recently seen, a luxurious three-story house hidden behind a blank wall on a filthy Manhattan street a few blocks from Greenwich Village, and we pronounced it perfect. It had a certain scabby glamor, and one of us actually lives in the area. Okay, we said, that's where Dragon's school is.

We had a hero and a hero-pad. Now, we had to give him something to do. Plot, it's called.

There would have to be plenty of action, and Dragon's opponents should be worthy of him, powerful enough to test him to the utmost. We decided on a crew of Martial Arts thugs, an international group of fists-and-feet for hire. These nasties would give Dragon plenty of obstacles to overcome. Since, at this point, we knew Dragon would have to be on some kind of quest involving considerable travel, we put the baddies in interesting cities we had either lived in or had often visited, cities most people can't afford to see, but would like to—San Francisco, New York, Paris, Salzburg. (We can't afford them ourselves, but there are numerous journeys in our pasts, thanks to Uncle Sam and a habit of engaging in what our college classmates had politely termed "goofing off.")

We had almost everything except our ultimate villain—the rotter who hired the thugs—and the thing Alfred Hitchcock calls "the McGuffin," the reason for the *sturm und drang*, whatever it is the good guy and the bad guy are vying for.

The McGuffin stumped us.

In desperation, we looked at the newspaper.



And read: "Energy Crisis." And there it was. Our McGuffin should be a source of energy. But what? Then we recalled an item we'd read in a scientific magazine describing a process of releasing energy from ordinary boron molecules by bombarding them with laser beams. Although the process existed in theory, nobody had figured out how to accomplish it in fact. Specifically, the scientists didn't know which laser *frequencies* to use.

We felt like the lookout on the *Santa Maria* as he shouted, "Land ho!"

We were in my living room, clutching beer cans, pacing and muttering:

"We've got this Japanese scientist..."

"Solved the frequency problem..."

"Works for a corrupt industrialist..."

"Yeah, and he thinks the industrialist will use his discovery for evil..."

"He runs away and they kill him, but first he talks to his favorite niece..."

"And the killers are sure he's told the secret to *her*..."

The rest fell into place like the pieces of a Tiny Tot jigsaw puzzle. The thugs would kidnap the niece, Carolyn, from Dragon's school. Dragon's own pride would force him to give chase, and naturally they'd try to stop him. We could shape events toward a gigantic battle Dragon would have to win against overwhelming odds or let Carolyn be tortured to death by the Swiss.

The Swiss is the ultimate villain I mentioned, and he was easy. He seemed simply to *be* there, waiting in the typewriter, anxious to hop onto the pages. I suspect this psychopathic sadist we created is a manifestation of the very ugliest parts of our natures, and I hope the act of putting him in print exorcised him.

My partner had an idea for a surprise ending, and a nifty idea it was, indeed, indeed. I shook his hand and we got to work.

Within a week, we had a detailed outline and three sample chapters, and we were wondering what to do with them. A fine journalist named Steve Ditlea supplied the answer. Steve mentioned that he'd heard Award Books was seeking a Martial Arts novel. We thanked him, mailed our material to Award, and soon we were sitting in the office of Award's editor, Agnes Birnbaum, incorporating her suggestions into the outline. A contract was signed, a deadline set.

We're used to writing. We could have probably completed the novel in a month. But, at this moment, there are 750,000 Americans studying a Martial Art, and some of these people would surely be among our readers. We were afraid they'd feel their buck-and-a-quarter had been spent on a snow job; we weren't ignorant of the Arts, but we weren't experts, either. Besides, we're ex-reporters, and our instincts are to get the information right. So we researched. For months, we interviewed

senseis, we dug through manuals, we experimented with the moves Dragon uses against his foes and one of us enrolled in the Moses Powell *dojo* in Brooklyn to learn from a truly superb Jiu-Jitsu man.

I don't mean to imply Dragon's feats aren't exaggerated. We weren't, after all, doing a how-to book. But we insisted everything have at least a basis in reality. We were practicing the craft of fiction, fabricating a tale of high adventure, and that meant Dragon and his exploits had to be larger than life. For example, the leap-punch-kick stunt I put in italics at the beginning of this article was actually performed by the legendary Mas Oyama and is described by Jay Gluck in his excellent ZEN COMBAT.

We found ourselves doing side-kicks in our sleep and boring our families blue with bits of obscure Oriental lore. *Please, they begged, get the damn novel written.*

We wrote.

Up at dawn, and to the desk. Up at midnight, and the keys go clack. We worked in shifts, each in his own office, with frequent trips to the telephone and daily conferences at Broadway Charlie's, The Lion's Head, the White Horse, whichever watering hole was convenient. Exchange manuscripts, suggest corrections, jot down plot refinements and hey, waiter, bring us a couple of refills.

We almost had a book. It still needed approximately 40 hours' worth of sweat—mostly, the brutal task of rewriting.

Laura Bernet, without doubt the sweetest, nicest publishing secretary in Manhattan, sweetly and nicely reminded us of our impending deadline.

Panic village, folks.

We kissed wives and children goodbye and drove a Volkswagen 200 miles to a farm half of Jim Dennis has near Stephentown, New York. Ironic, this, because we put Stephentown in the story as "Steptown;" it is where Dragon takes on the Swiss and his mob.

It is where we had a fight, too. We fought our machines for eight hours a day, for five days, pausing only to eat bachelor fare of chili and hamburgers, jog, vent frustration on a punching bag hanging from a sycamore in the yard, drink a sociable cup of coffee with the neighbors, and curse.

I remember the moment well. I shambled from my room to the kitchen and put a checkmark on the chart we'd tacked above the stove. The little squares on the chart represented scenes to be completed and suddenly I saw they were filled—every single little square, neatly checked. No vacant squares. None.

I turned to my partner. "We're done?"

He nodded, and patted the stack of paper on the table: 230 sheets of 16 pound bond besmirched with 62,000 words, the result of hundreds of hours' thinking and arguing and planning and conferring and hassling.

I returned to my room and typed a title page:

KUNG FU MASTER: RICHARD DRAGON—
"DRAGON'S FISTS"

Sighing, I added it to the stack on the table.

Three days later, we handed Laura Bernet the manuscript and wandered from Award's headquarters feeling vaguely melancholy, as though an old friend had deserted us.

Dragon was no longer *ours*; now, he was *anyone's*.

Including, maybe, yours. If you meet him, say hello for us.



"I HAVE BEEN SLEEPING UNDER STRANGE
SKIES... DREAMING UNIVERSAL DREAMS
OF SERENITY AND THE RISING OF A
TROUBLED SOUL...

"I AWAKEN NOW AT *SUNSET*,
AND THOUGH I AM MET WITH
A SEPARATE *REALITY*, I
SHALL ATTEMPT TO MOVE
THROUGH THE GHOSTS OF A
DREAM...

SHANG-CHI,
Master Of Kung Fu

Lesson of the Locust!



"...FOR, OF WHAT USE ARE VISIONS OF
SERENITY... IF THEY ARE NOT USED TO
MOLD A TROUBLED *REALITY*...?"

"HOW ELSE MAY I *SOOTHE*
MY SPIRIT... AND CLEAR A
HIGHER PATH FOR IT TO
TRAVEL...?"

Story: DOUG MOENCH

Art: MIKE VOSBURG and BOB McLEOD

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

"I HAVE DEVOTED THE COOL AIR OF FIVE NIGHTS TO THE STUDY OF THIS PLACE CALLED LOS ANGELES..."



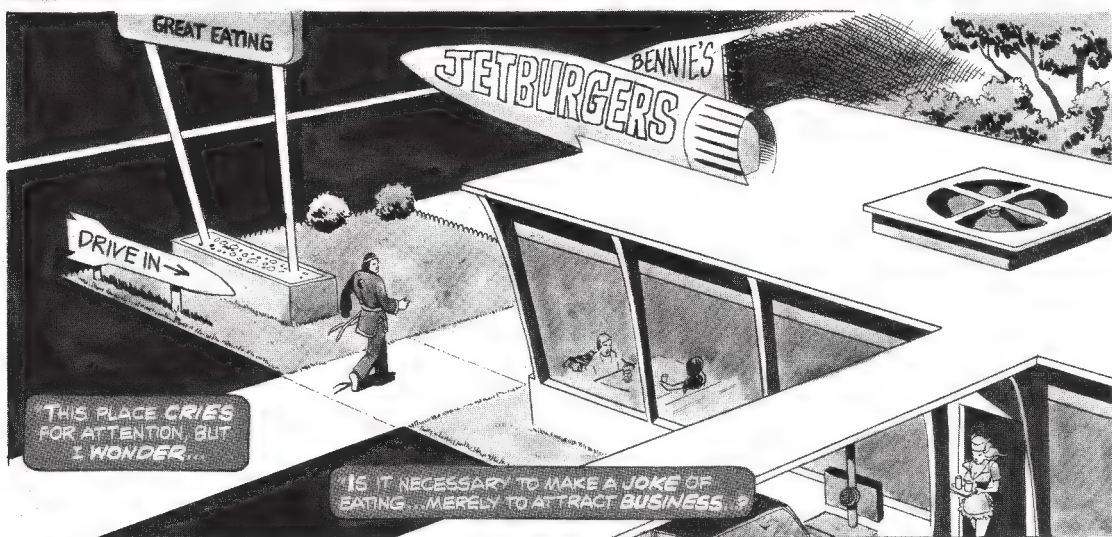
...SLEEPING THROUGH BUT **THREE** OF ITS HOT DAYS.

"FOR, IT WAS YESTERDAY THAT I VISITED A CONSTRUCTION SITE..."



"...WORKING TO ERECT A BUILDING..."

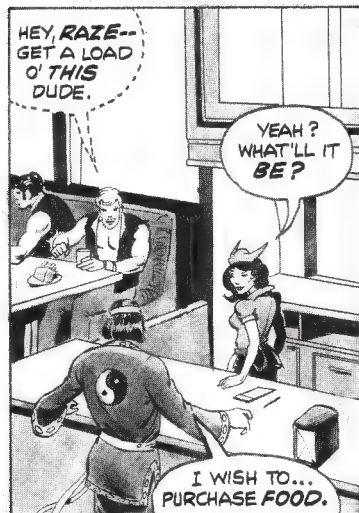
"...AND TO EARN PAYMENT FOR TONIGHT'S MEAL."



THIS PLACE **CRIES** FOR ATTENTION, BUT I **WONDER**...

"IS IT NECESSARY TO MAKE A JOKE OF EATING... MERELY TO ATTRACT BUSINESS?"

HEY, RAZE-- GET A LOAD O' THIS DUDE.



YEAH? WHAT'LL IT BE?

I WISH TO... PURCHASE **FOOD**.

NO KIDDIN', GENIUS. NOW YOU WANNA BE MORE SPECIFIC...?

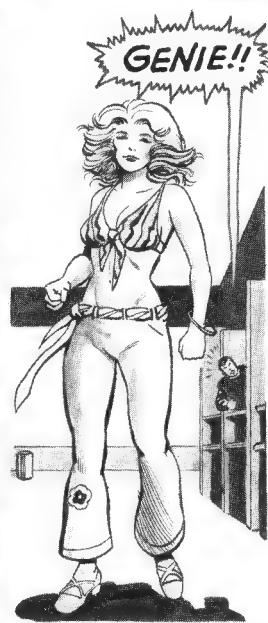


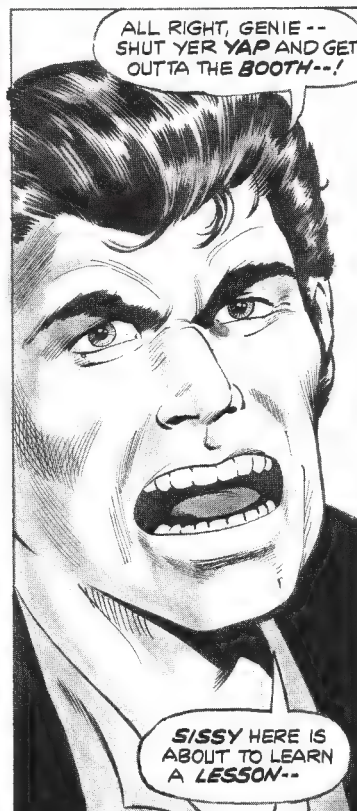
YOU WANT A BURGER OR WHAT?

BURGER...?



I DO NOT KNOW...THE **WORD**.









"WE PASS MANY PEOPLE IN THE HARSH NIGHT, AND WHILE I AM INTENT IN MY STUDY OF THEIR FACES AND HABITS, I FEEL THE GIRL'S EYES ON MY FACE ALONE, SHE ASKS QUESTIONS..."

"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

"SHANG-CHI."

"MINE'S GENIE. WHERE ARE YOU FROM?"

"HONAN...IN CHINA."

"FAR OUT. WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?"

"TO LEARN."

"LEARN WHAT?"

"WHATEVER I FIND WHERE I AM GOING."

"YOU'RE WEIRD, MAN. AREN'T YOU EVEN WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED BACK AT THE DRIVE-IN?"

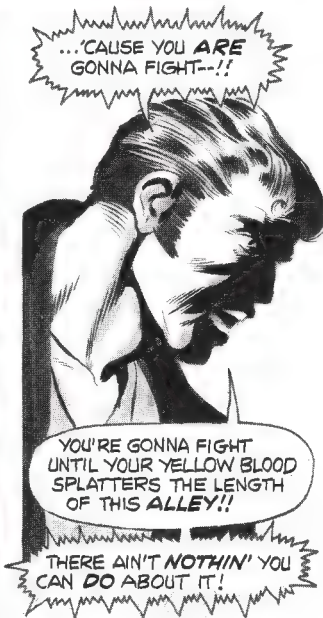
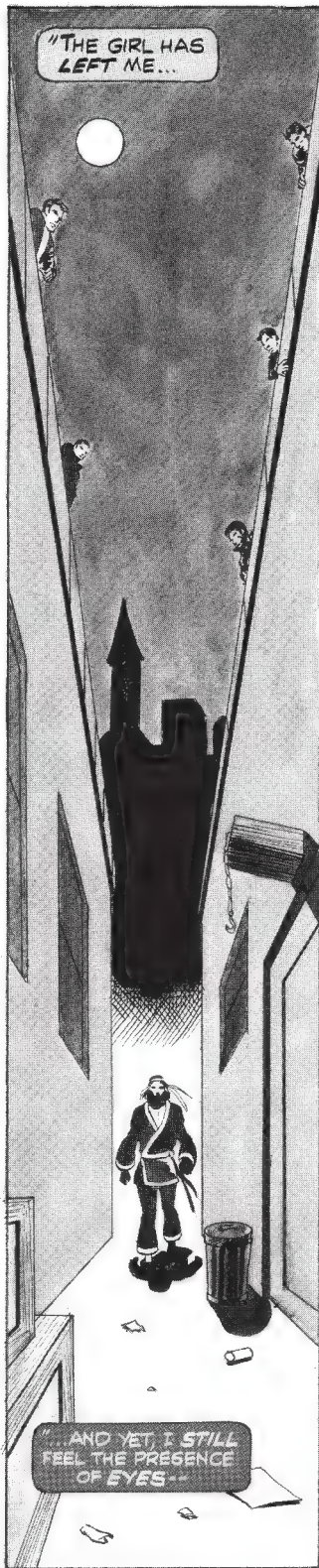
"I SAW WHAT HAPPENED."

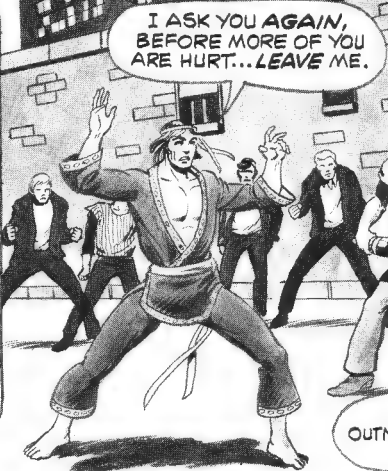
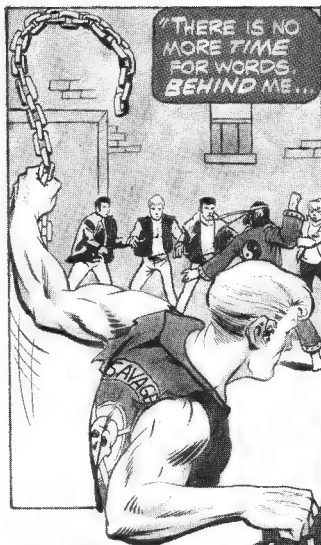
"LOOK, I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I FLIRTED WITH YOU TO MAKE JOHNNY--MY BOYFRIEND--JEALOUS, BUT I WENT TOO FAR..."

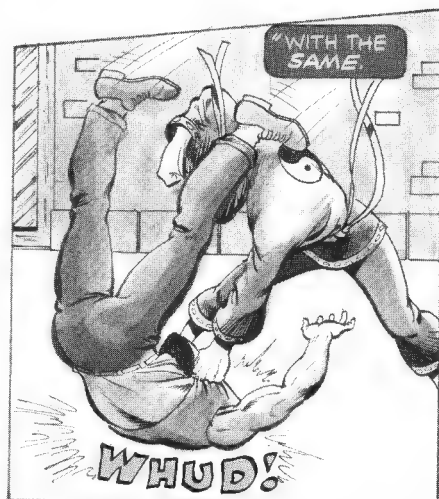
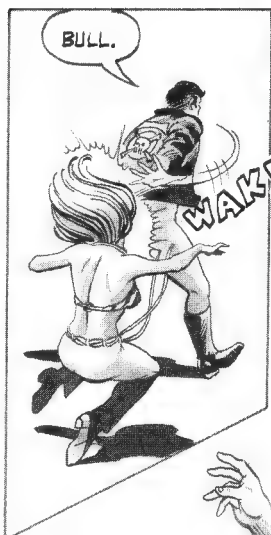
"YES--FROM THE MOMENT YOU CHOSE JEALOUSY AS YOUR GOAL."

"LOOK, YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT'S NOT THAT JOHNNY'S REALLY BAD...BUT THAT GANG HE'S IN--THE L.A. SAVAGES--IT'S TAUGHT HIM HOW TO HATE..."

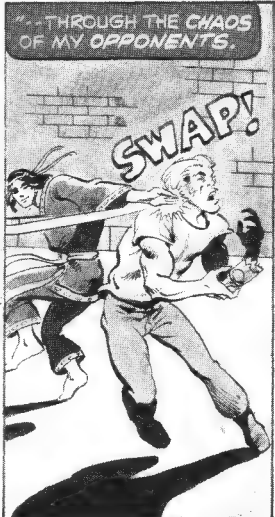
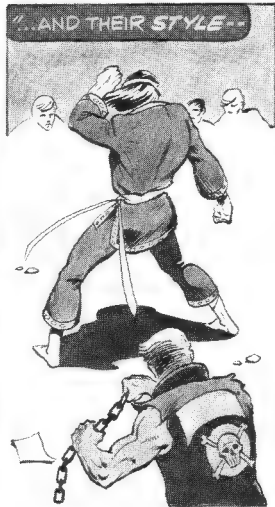


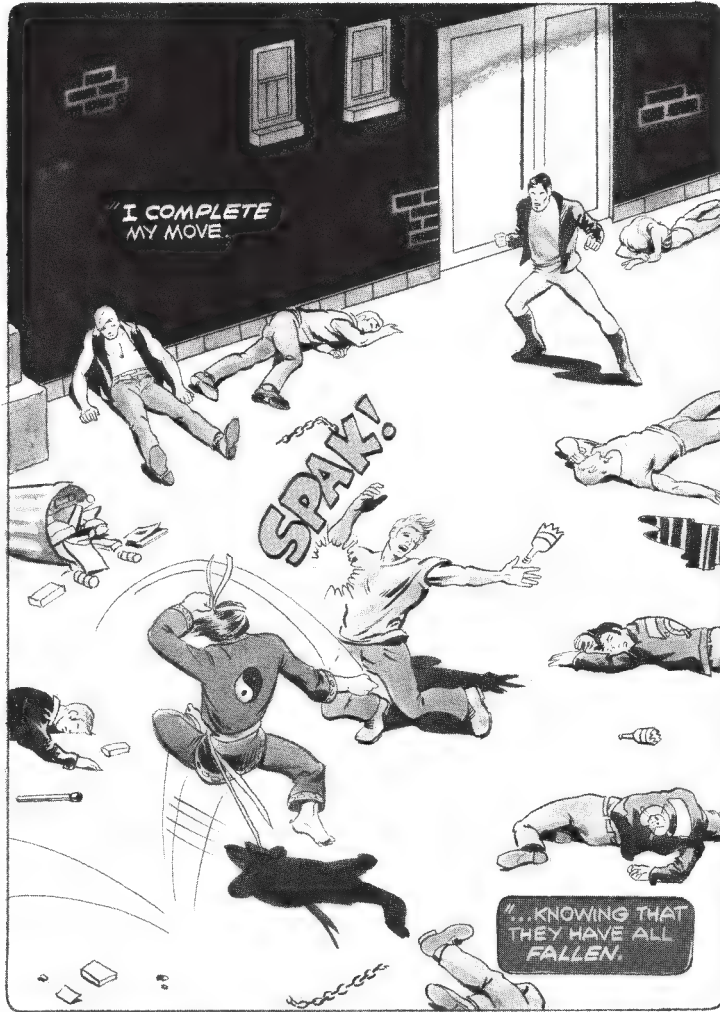












"ALL BUT THE ONE CALLED JOHNNY..."

PLEASE, VIOLENCE ACHIEVES NOTHING...EXCEPT TO REPEL VIOLENCE.

I OFFER YOU NO VIOLENCE. THERE IS NOTHING YOU MUST REPEL.

SAVE THE FORTUNE COOKIE CRAP FOR YOUR EULOGY, CHINK--!

"BEHIND HIM..."



"...THE GIRL..."



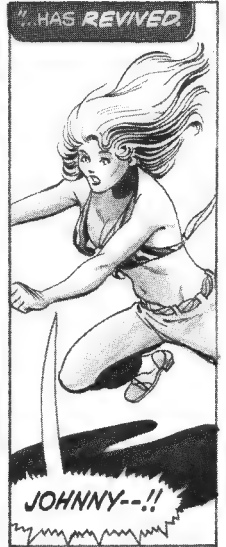
--CUZ WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, YOU AIN'T GONNA BE NOTHIN' BUT--



"SHE..."



--DEAD.



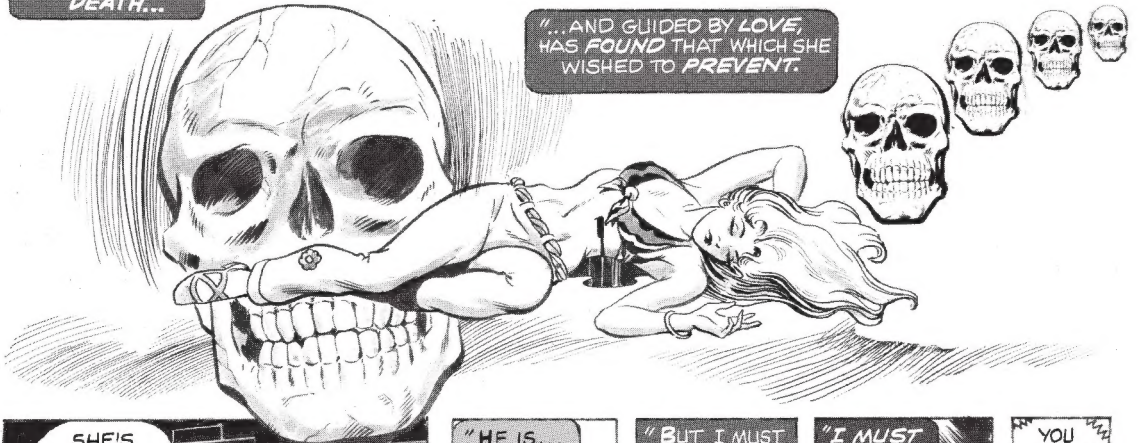
"...HAS REVIVED."

JOHNNY--!!



"THE GIRL WISHED
ONLY TO PREVENT
DEATH..."

"...AND GUIDED BY LOVE,
HAS FOUND THAT WHICH SHE
WISHED TO PREVENT."

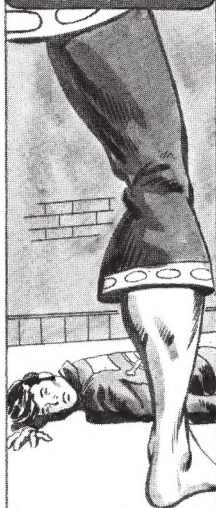


"I CANNOT."

"CONTROL IS LOST..."



"I HAVE REGAINED CONTROL."



"I WILL NOT...KICK HIM AGAIN."

"IT WILL SERVE NO END..."



"...FOR I AM UNABLE TO BREATHE LIFE INTO THE GIRL'S MOUTH."

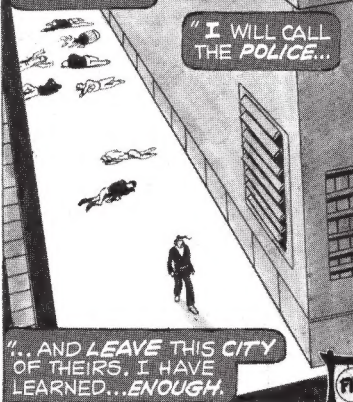
"SHE IS DEAD."



"I FEEL, TOO, THAT A PORTION OF MY SPIRIT HAS DIED...OR, PERHAPS, THAT IT HAD NEVER RISEN TO THE HEIGHT I HAD BELIEVED..."

"FOR TONIGHT I HAVE LEARNED THAT I AM CAPABLE OF SUCCUMBING TO THE HATRED OF AN OPPONENT."

"I WILL CALL THE POLICE..."



"...AND LEAVE THIS CITY OF THEIRS. I HAVE LEARNED...ENOUGH."





NEXT ISSUE:

ASSIGNMENT: Kill The Son of Fu Manchu

The contract was out. Shang-Chi must die. With only his Martial Arts expertise to rely on, can even a master of Kung Fu stand against a hired gunman's unseen bullets?

Don't miss issue #7 of

THE DEADLY HANDS KUNG FU

Also featuring:

RETURN OF THE DRAGON

An indepth report
on Bruce Lee's last film

—and—

THE SONS OF THE TIGER

It's leaping your way
on NOVEMBER 11th!

Catch it!



Shadowcat

